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Dr. Oats's ANSWER To Count Teckleys LETTER intercepted at DOVER:

AN't please your Mightiness yours, I Receiv'd--*Anno Dom* 1683. *September* the 25th new Stile; I give your Mightiness ten thousand thanks, for all your *Favours* formerly bestowed upon me, but most especially for these kind Propositions now made me, both by the *Grand Segniour*, your Grace, and all the Court and Council of that Empire, which I shall most gratefully accept of: and had been with you long before this time, but that our English *Turks* here, have had as great misfortunes in our Affairs at home: as the *Vizier* before *Vienna*; for Sir, you must understand, that this Kingdom the chief of the three, of which I am the *Savor*.

About ten years agone, this Kingdom I say, was got with Child, with a huge and horrible *Popish-plot* it had neither Head, nor *Foot*, but sixty thousand Rumps and Tails, and what d'ye call 'ems.' Now Sir, about five years agone---her Belly began to Gripe---she made foul *Faces* and lookt very black in the *Fundament*; and fell into Labour with this Plot; and was very ill indeed, she father'd the Plot upon the *Jesuits*, and several other persons of Quality---and several of the *Papists* were hang'd and cut in pieces and the rest Begger'd and Ruin'd, and all the able Men-Midwives in *England* were sent for, to help to deliver her of this great Belly: *First* that great States Midwife. *Shaftsbury*--- who took his turn for four years together, and at last with a full Resolution to fetch it out, thrust his hand a little too far, and broke a Leg or an Arm, and was forc'd to run away to save his Neck. Then was chose a Council of six of the able States Midwives in the *Kingdom*, to try Experiments, amongst whom the Lord *Russel* scorning to be out-done; fell to work Tooth and Nail; but being too hot upon't happens to lay hold on the Arse gut and all be sh-t this *Fingers*. Upon this misfortune he fell into a desperate passion; and in Revenge resolved to cut his Majesties Throat, but just in the attempt, his own Head dropt off.

Next comes Midwife *Gray*, but having just left his two Wives behind the Cortain which were really Sisters, and he not being able to satisfie one, his Horns, on a sudden sprouted out, so much longer than his Arms, that they goard *Britain* into the Belly, before he could reach it, which put her into such a *Fit* of Torture and *Kicking*, as frighted him out of his sence and sight of the World, that he was never seen since.

Then comes *E*---x with serious reserved, deliberate gravity: And as soon as he had felt how it was with her---he pretended to wish that the *K.* did but know half so much as he did, but feeling the second time---she unmannerly slapt her Tail in his *Eye*, and pist in his *Face* -- which caused some of the Deputy Midwives to laugh at him; which put the Earl into such a passion, that he swore the *K.* had a hand in it---for which and other Crimes he was clapt up; and in *Revenge* he playd the fool and cut his own Throat.

Then comes thundering *Tickle me Tom*, and he was so sooliſh *Rash*, he'd needs father the Pug before it was Born; he was so in love with the Bastard that attempted to cut off the *Royal* Line to make a *King* on't: which made *Britain* up with her heel and hit him a dab o'th' Chops and farted in his *Face*---Gad, what dos he do for madness, but transforms himself into the Spawn of a Makrel and was never heard of since.

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Then comes thundering *Tickle me Tom*, and he was ſo fooliſh *Raſh*, he'd needs father the Pug before it was Born; he was ſo in love with the Baſtard that attempted to cut off the *Royal* Line to make a *King* on't: which made *Britain* up with her heel and hit him a dab o'th' Chops and farted in his *Face*---Gad, what dos he do for madneſs, but transforms himſelf into the Spawn of a Makrel and was never heard of ſince.

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Next comes Perking *Teckeley*---though a Basterd he had as undoubted a *Right* to the *Imperial* Crown of *England* as your Mightiness to that of *Hungary*-- he laid both his Commissions, *Life*, and his expected Crown, that he'd fetch it out the first attempt without difficulty--Then he falls to work, Sir, upon the Brat, and got it by the back with both hands at once---and pull'd it with such an undaunted Courage that five hundred *Rumps* and *Tails* come off in his hands---and he lost his hold, which so inflam'd his Grace, that he turned up her Tail, and shewd her Nackedness to forty thousand of the Rable--which made *Britain* pull him by the Lugs---and wrapt a Ladys shitten Smock about his Chops and Eyes and sent his Adle-head, Reeling, Blindfold from the Land of *Promise* to *Wapping*; where the other Sister wip'd his Chops---and he sputtered and Hector'd about and threatned Revenge for a while; but at last was lost in a Mist, like *Æneas*, for ingratitude and never was heard of since--a great many more made the like attempt, with such or worse success--and some hang'd, some in holl'd, some turn'd *Trimers*, and the rest run away: for just in the interim when the *K.* was to have been Murthered, comes me in--- one *Howard*, *Rumsey*, *West*, and *Keeling*---and undertook to deliver this great Belly---and upon the word of a *Priest*, they handled it with such Dexterity, that in a forthnights time, they brought out this great Monster---and what do you think it was that made all this noise-----e'en honest *Presbyter John*---------- a Delicate Babe----- but so stuft with *Sociations*, Noble *Peer's Speeches*, *Holy Leagues*, and *Covenants*, &c. that it was Farting full again: And being an *Incubus* it spoke as soon as it was Born, and named above six-Hundred Fathers that were at the getting on't----*Shaftsbury*, *Tongue*, and my self, three of the Cheif-- then drawing its Mouth on one side; Cry'd, You must all turn *Turks* or be Damn'd --and ever since I have had a great Ambition to leave off my *Hypocritical* Jump, and turn *Musty*. But how do you think this *Brat* serv'd us at last; for all we have lick't it into five hundred shapes and colors; nothing serves its turn but speaking truth with a Pox to the *Rascal*: & has spoiled all our future proceedings; and we have lost the Charter into the bargain. But as for Popish Commissions; Spanish Pilgrims, Black Bills, French Armies, Pickerings Guns, Teuxbury Mustard-Balls, Popish plots &c. I received ready mony for them: both from Court and City at once: but now, notwithstanding all my Guards, I was arrested three or four times a week, and have neither plot nor Commission to make a penny on, to help my self withall; and my *Bums*, like a company of Revenous Wolves, are ready to tear my heart out. But for *West's* Blunderbush, *Wildmans* Cannon, most of them are visibly taken and Seized by the K--Just now my sacred person was seized for twenty pounds due for linnen, which *I* took up to wipe clean my Bums. To conclude Sir, unless our party can get to a head, before the K. calls a Parliament, all our Gang must, of necessity, flie to your Mightiness for Refuge--- Therefore I beseech you let the *Serraglio*, be forthwith made ready for me, and my Retinue---for Bums I shall carry fourscore a long with me, for Whores, and Bauds, let there be two thousand made ready: for I intend to out-do *Sallomon* in *Letchery*, *Mahomet* in *Blasphemy*, and *Judas* in *Perjury* and *Treachery* ---

your Mightiness's most humble

Servant, and Multi *to the Grand Turk*.

TITUS OATS.

POSTSCRIPT

AN't please your Mightiness, though you have not yet thought it convenient to hazard your Sacred Person---- or Army in the Fight; yet the Turks are very much weak'ned---- and I was thinking to have sent a Detachment of fifty thousand French Protestant Mahometans, which *Shaftsbury* sent for over to be ready upon such occasions----but they have such Damn'd Mahometan Stomachs they'l eat you all up, both Horse and Man: for there is a certain Lord of our partys forc'd to cut them out a whole *Ox* and Broth, three times a Week, to save his own Person from the fury of their Teeth I am sadly hampered amongst the Christians here: they have burned me in *Effigie* with as much *Ignominie* as *Waller* burnt their Crucified-God in *Effigie*. Another of 'em sent me a Barrel of *Oisters*, in the name of one of our Mahometans, I invited my Friends to the Colation, and told 'em I was not quite forgot yet. There were twenty o'th' top of delicate ones, look you here quoth I, turn 'em out Boy, turn out; out they came, and what do you think they were----by *Mahomet*, nothing but Shells and a long Rope Quoyled up in the middle, and frosted--over with a T----

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